

My Chemical Imbalance

Guttermouth

Ah, there's gonna be a killing
A killing, killing, killing
Drugs are not for healing
That guy just ate meat, a-wow! There's gonna be a beating
A beating, beating, beating
The kids are on acid
And they're marching down the streets It's my chemical imbalance
Yeah, my head is stuffed with drugs
Zoloft keeps me even
Being straight-edge rather sucks
There is no telling what could happen
If my gang was on to me The bullets are a-shooting
A shooting, shooting, shooting
Paco plucked a pollo
That he plans to eat Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck There's gonna be a juicing
A juicing, juicing, juicing
I'm sober, but I'm pooping
Gorge my colon full of prunes GO GET MORE PRUNES! It's my chemical imbalance
Yeah, my head is stuffed with drugs
Zoloft keeps me even
Being straight-edge rather sucks
There is no telling what could happen
If my gang was on to me Well, I was peeing in my room and I was staring at the wall
And I was thinking about everything, but, then again, I was thinking about nothing
When my same-sex parents walked in and started squealing
Mark! Mike! No, Mark! We've been noticing you've been having a lot of problems, lately
And we think it'd be in your best interest if we put you on Selective Serotonin Reuptake Inhibitors
And I said, "What the fuck is a Selective Serotonin Reuptake Inhibitor?
Why don't you stick it up your ass like your boyfriend!
And who the hell is this Zoloft guy?
Some new German, third-party, whathaveyou, weird sexual experience?
Just give me a cookie!"

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